

IT IS NOT THE WILL OF YOUR FATHER WHICH IS IN HEAVEN.

THE CHILD AT HOME.

THAT ONE OF THESE LITTLE ONES SHOULD PERISH.

VOL. XIII. No. 12.]

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PLAY OR WORK?

WHICH should you prefer to do, if you had your choice? There were four little French children who were told once that they might play or study all day long, as they chose. Their names were Charlotte, Philip, Mina, and Marie.

They all immediately chose to play, rather than study, and so they were left alone. The first thing they did was to quarrel about whether they should play with the dolls or not. Marie proved the peace-maker, and proposed to play horse. Charlotte was to be a great lady, Philip the coachman, and Mina and Marie the horses. This plan pleased all, and the picture shows how they carried it out. Soon they were all tired of this, and played house awhile. They made a house of the chairs, and

dressed and undressed the dolls, until they were tired of that too.

At dinner they all looked sober, and their mamma said they appeared as if they had played too much. They found they had no new games to play after dinner, and so Philip proposed they should put the room in order, and astonish their mamma by studying their lessons. They did this, and were so quiet for a long time, that she came to see what was the matter. She was pleased to find them so well occupied, and told them they had learned what she wished them to, — that we cannot be happy when we think only of pleasure. God has given us talents, and we can only be really happy when we are doing the work He calls us to do.

We cannot play all the time, and be happy.

HAROLD'S WISH.

BY J. H. ASHFIELD.

HAL WESTON lay upon the sofa, reading a beautiful new book. For an hour he had scarcely stirred. At last, with a yawn, a shrill whistle, and a half summersault, he threw down the book, and was on his feet.

"Mother," he said at length, as he sat down by her side, "I wish I was a king. My book is full of stories about them. Wouldn't it be splendid to be so great that every word I said should be written down for all the world to read!"

"It might sometimes be very pleasant, Harold," said Mrs. Weston, "but do you remember what you said about Ned Ellet, when you came home from school to-day? Would you like to have that printed in all the papers?"

"O, mother, of course not *that*. But I was very angry then, and I don't know, for my part, who would not have been, in my place. You see," Hal continued, "Ned missed his word in spelling, and I took it and went above him, all fairly. Then at recess Ned went round among all the boys, and told them that Will Davis told me how to spell it, for he heard him. Of course it was a lie, and I call it real mean."

"It was certainly very unkind, and though Ned has never been taught much about right and wrong, I am quite sure he knew better than that," Mrs. Weston replied. "But I can tell you of a way in which you can be greater than a king."

"Why, I thought there wasn't anything greater than a king, mother!" exclaimed Harold, in surprise. "A president or an emperor isn't greater than a king. Do you mean a man who fights great battles, and conquers kingdoms, like Napoleon, mother? I believe I *should* like that even better than to be a king," he added, thoughtfully.

"You can be greater than a conqueror, if you are only willing to try, my son," said his mother.

"O, I am; tell me how," said Hal eagerly.

Mrs. Weston continued, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city."

Harold looked a little disappointed. "O, I learned that once," he said; "but that is being great in such a different way."

"Certainly," said his mother, "but isn't God's standard of greatness better than man's?"

"I suppose so," said Harold thoughtfully.

"Besides, my dear boy," Mrs. Weston continued, "if you'll try, next time you are inclined to be angry, to speak kindly and pleasantly, I think you will find that your own spirit is quite as hard a kingdom as you will be able to rule."

The conversation ended here, but Harold's thoughts upon the subject were long continued.

Mrs. Weston now thanks God daily that Harold is slowly becoming "better than the mighty" and better "than he that taketh a city."

"He that refuseth instruction despiseth his own soul: but he that heareth reproof getteth understanding. The fear of the Lord is the instruction of wisdom."

THE HEARTH.

NOW much we hear about the hearth, and the hearth-stone! I have read about both, and I suppose you all have, but we see very few of them. I remember an old house in Illinois, covered with trees, in which there was a great chimney with a broad fire-place. It was somewhat like the one in this picture, and the big logs of wood were laid on great andirons, and over the fire the pots were hung to cook in.

It is very pleasant to sit around such a hearth. The flames flitter and blaze from the wood, and shed light over the company, and everybody is cheerful. I wish I had a home with such a hearth! The reason why I like the hearth is because it makes me think of home. Home is very delightful, and so are a great many other things God gives us. But He promises us a heavenly home that is ever so much brighter and happier. Perhaps I shall never have such a home here, as I want, but I will try to love Jesus, and have a home with Him some day. As a good poet wrote,—

"Heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last."

THE CHILD AT HOME.

BOSTON, DECEMBER, 1872.

National, Christian, Unsectarian.

ENDINGS AND BEGINNINGS.

WHEN the clock strikes twelve, on the last night of this month, some will say, "The year 1872 is ended;" others will say, "The year 1873 is begun." So closely do beginnings follow endings. Which shall we say?

I think the most of my readers will rather look forward than backward, for we are all full of hope. It is right to hope for better things in the new year than we have had in the old. But we must *work* better, and *be* better, and *pray* better. Then we shall have good ground to hope, shall we not?

So, when I close 1872 by wishing you all a Merry Christmas, I wish you also a Happy, Happy New Year, for 1873!

LAST month I told you of "The New Year: The National Family Almanac." I forgot to say that one who pays fifty cents for *The Christian Banner* for 1873, or for the chromatic edition of *THE CHILD AT HOME*, can have the Almanac free, by asking for it. This makes both very cheap.

Apples of Gold ought to be taken in every church where *THE CHILD AT HOME* is taken, and *The Christian Banner* ought to be taken in the Bible classes, and by the teacher.

THE NEW SLATE, OR, DON'T BE MEAN.

BY REV. J. D. STRONG.

DEAR! mother, I'm just as mad as I can be, and I can't help it either,—he's so mean," said Gracie, the moment Mrs. Peters came in from her walk.

"Take care, daughter! That is very hard language, and should never be used without serious reasons," said her mother.

"I don't care, he is; he's just the stingiest and meanest boy I ever saw, and I almost hate him," she persisted, coming up to her mother, who had sat down, and laying her head in her lap.

"Who is it, darling, and what has he done?" asked her mother, caressing the soft head with her hand, and looking with an inquiring gaze right into the little girl's blue eyes.

"Cousin Fred, I mean; he's so selfish and mean to Jamie," said the little girl, with choking voice, and eyes filling with tears; "and Jamie is so good and generous to him, too."

"Why, what has happened, daughter? Perhaps you have made a mistake. You should not judge hastily, you know."

"No, I haven't; he's always mean. Don't you

think, when you gave him the orange this morning, he wouldn't give Jamie a taste of it! He said he wasn't going to cut it till to-morrow; and then he went right out behind the shed alone, and eat it all up himself. And when he had the nuts, yesterday, he didn't share one of them, but put them all into his pocket; and when I said, 'Shame on such a mean brother!' he just took out one and gave it to Jamie, and said: 'There, now, I've divided.' It's too bad, when Jamie is always so generous to him, for he divides everything, and gives him the biggest half, too."

"I should not think that of Fred," said the mother. "He always behaves so like a nice boy when I see him. Perhaps it is not quite so bad as you think."

"O yes, 'tis. He did a great deal meaner thing than that this afternoon. He wouldn't lend Jamie ten cents to get a new slate, and don't you think, Jamie gave him twenty-five cents last week to buy a top, and it was all the money he had, too. He said, 'I'm afraid you won't pay me again.' Now wasn't that meaner than I can tell?"

Mrs. Peters and her daughter were visiting at her sister's, when the little girl was so shocked at the conduct of her cousin. Yet Fred was not a



THE HEARTH.

bad boy, nor an unkind brother, in most respects; still, he did have one great fault, that looked very mean and bad to all who observed it. He had a very great love of himself and of his own things, and he carried the feeling even to meanness. He would never lend his wagon, or his knife, nor give up a plaything, nor share a goody, if he could help it, though he was always quite willing to receive from others all he could get.

The circumstance of the slate was this. Jamie had carelessly broken his, and, as a punishment, his father had said he shouldn't have another till he earned it himself. He had been hunting all the week to find old horse-shoes and bits of iron to sell to the old junk man, and thus get the money. He needed the slate at once very much, to do his sums, but he had succeeded in raising only fifteen cents, and he must have ten more. This Fred refused to lend, though Jamie promised to try hard every day till he had the money to repay it.

By accident Fred overheard this hard opinion which Gracie expressed so earnestly about him; and it gave him a new idea. He saw in an instant what a selfish brother he had been, and how meanly he had behaved. He had no idea before that others saw and noticed his conduct so sharply, and he was very much ashamed.

And what do you suppose he did? He went

right up town and bought the best new slate he could find, entirely out of his own money; and then, having written on it: "Jamie, this slate is for you, and these oranges and nuts, too. I'm ashamed I've been so stingy and mean," he laid it on his brother's bed, and then ran out to play.

There was no happier boy in America that night than Fred. His heart sang till he felt that he could not contain the music that was in him. He had won a victory—a victory greater than any general ever won—the victory over himself. He had conquered his selfishness.

And when his aunt said to him the next day, as she heard what he had done: "That was right, Fred; you have acted nobly, and God will bless you," he felt richer and prouder than if he had hoarded up in his box all the money in the country.

THREE THINGS NEEDED TO MAKE A MISSIONARY.

BY AUNT EMMA.

MR. and Mrs. Winters sat in their parlor one evening, and their little son Charlie was diligently studying his lessons, when the door-bell rang, and a stranger was announced. A stranger indeed he was—a friend whom they had not seen for many years. He was a missionary, just returned to his native land for the benefit of his health. How delighted they were to see their friend again, after the lapse of so long a time; and eagerly they questioned him of his foreign home and work. He as eagerly told them how pleasantly these years had been spent in trying to lead the ignorant heathen to Jesus Christ. And as he talked, Charlie laid aside his books, and sat with eyes and ears intent, as if he were drinking in every word. "It is a good work," said the missionary. "I had rather be engaged in it than in any other business; but, O, it is a great work, and the laborers are few. Don't you know of some one who will go out with me and teach these poor people? Haven't you a missionary to give me?" He cast his eye on Charlie as he spoke, and thought, doubtless, of the other children of that pleasant home.

"Yes," said the father; "we have this little son, and he has a brother."

"Will you give them?" asked the missionary, looking first at the mother, and then again at the father. He knew very well how hard it was for parents to give up their children, how hard it had been for his own father and mother to give him up. So he asked again seriously, "Will you give them?"

"I will," said the mother. "They belong to Jesus, and I want Him to use them wherever He pleases. I should be glad indeed, if He would make missionaries of them."

"Will you go, sonnie?" asked the missionary, putting his hand lovingly on Charlie's shoulder.

"I don't know; if I knew how," slowly answered the child.

"He is not ready yet," said papa. "It will take a good while to get our little boys ready."

"Do you know what you need to make you ready?" asked the good man, still addressing Charlie, who was gazing with intense interest into the faces about him. Perhaps he felt that his destiny for life was to be then and there settled.

"I don't know," again answered Charlie; "I haven't done school yet."

"There are three things, my little boy, you will need. First, good health. So take care of yourself. Remember that this is God's little body, and do nothing to injure it, and everything to make it strong. Second, a good education. So study well, and learn as fast and as much as you can. And third,"—and here he stopped and looked at the child, as if he expected him to finish the sentence.

Charlie smiled. "I guess I know the other," said he.

"Yes, I think you do, my dear. It is a *good heart*—a new heart, made clean in Jesus' blood, and filled full of love to Him. With these three things, I hope in ten years from this, you and your

brother will come and help me teach the benighted heathen the way to heaven."

Are there not other little boys and girls who will try to get ready to go with Charles and his brother to this blessed work?

MOTHER'S SONG.

BY UNA LOCKE.

JESUS is the Gardener,
We are but the flowers;
If He prune the branches,
If He bring the showers,
How should we rebuke Him?
Is the garden ours?

If He pluck a lily,
Joying in its white;
If he choose a rosebud
For his own delight,
If He take it from us,
Has He not the right?

Jesus is the Shepherd;
If a lamb He bear
Unto higher pasture,
Into purer air,
Should the flock that missed it
Vex itself with care?

There the little lambkin
Nothing shall distress;
There no cold shall chill it,
There no heat oppress;
There no wolf shall enter,
Wearing shepherd's dress.

After snow the summer;
Rainbow after rain;
Weeping but endureth
With the night's short pain;
When the morning breaketh
Joy will come again.

In the garden yonder,
Eden of the blest,
We shall find the blossoms
We have loved the best;
We shall find our lambkins
Safe on Jesus' breast.

MORE SQUIRRELS.



LAST month we spoke of the Brown, Black, and Gray squirrels. Now we have pictures of three others, the Red, Striped, and Flying.

The Red is more familiar than the others, is not over half the size of the Gray, and more nimble and graceful. He likes to have a nest near the houses, for he is sociable, and finds the woods lonesome.

The Striped is also called the Ground squirrel, and sometimes the Chipmunk. He lives in a long, winding hole or burrow in the ground. At the farther end he makes his nest, and lays up his winter stores. He takes corn from the farmer's fields, and thus provides for himself with very little trouble; but in return the farmer's boys hunt him, and make his life very uncomfortable. I am not sure that the boys are right. I do not think a harmless squirrel ought to be tormented.

The last kind of squirrel in the picture is in the middle, and is called the Flying squirrel. I never saw one of them, but they are said to be very small, and to be able to stretch themselves out very flat, and sail or skim through the air. But I think he cannot be said to fly as a bird does. It is a beautiful sight when the squirrels run up and down the trees, and over the fences. They do it so gracefully, and are so cunning.

HORACE MAYNARD'S DISOBEDIENCE, AND WHAT IT COST HIM.



HORACE," said Mrs. Maynard, "I'm going down to your Aunt Mary's this morning, and I want you to be a good boy during my absence, and mind just what Bridget tells you. Don't go outside the gate on any account," and looking back, she repeated the injunction. Horace was usually an obedient boy, and his mother felt that she could trust him. For an hour everything passed off to his heart's content, for Bridget was remarkably attentive to his wants, which were neither few nor small. But at length

he began to think it unkind in his mother to forbid his venturing beyond the garden limits. Ralph Thornton, only a year older than he, went all over the city, and the poor little fellow who had been so happy all the morning, suddenly imagined himself very ill-used and abused, and swung to and fro on the gate with an angry heart and a sour face, just such a condition as Satan enjoys to find little boys and girls in. Here was the first step in the wrong way. He harbored hard thoughts toward a loving mother, instead of dismissing the suggestion to disobey when it first presented itself. Just then a circus, with a bewitching band of music, came down the street, and he watched it almost out of sight



MORE SQUIRRELS.

through his tears, but as yet he had no idea of breaking his mother's command. At this trying moment Ralph Thornton shouted, "Come, Horace, let's go down on the Parade and see the fun." But he answered drearily, "I can't; mother's gone, and she told me not to go outside the gate on any account." "Pooh!" exclaimed the wicked tempter, "that's nonsense; she'd be willing you should go down there, I know. When I was eight years old I had my own way, you'd better believe! Joe Barnes said the other day, 'I'm glad I'm not in Hob Maynard's shoes, tied so tight to mother's apron-strings.' Come along, or we shall be too

late." Poor Horace, like other foolish boys, didn't relish the idea of being considered babyish, and though he felt very much like crying, he manfully choked back his tears, and darted down the street in advance of the cunning Ralph, who was slyly laughing in his sleeve, to see how easily he could cheat his playmate with a lie, for Joe Barnes, as Ralph nicknamed him, loved his mother dearly, and always obeyed her strictly. At length they reached the spot where the tents were to be erected, tired, heated, and out of sorts. At any other time, Horace would have watched proceedings with a good deal of interest; but conscience, that inward monitor, was busy at work. He threw himself down upon the grass, and tried to imagine he was having a grand time; but the summer's sun, which shone so brightly an hour before, cast a sickly light about him, and the beautiful blue seemed to be all washed out of the sky. He could bear it no longer, and with sobs exclaimed,—"Ralph Thornton, I just hate you! You made me run away, and I wish you were dead and buried!" At this the boys laughed loudly, and Ralph became so angry that he struck him an ugly blow between the eyes. Then the boys cried out, "Pitch in, Horace; fight it out! fight it out!" and big round oaths fell from rosy lips, while a ring was formed round the little pugilists. Ralph was well-skilled in the art of wrestling, as poor Horace found to his sorrow, and he was left battered, bruised, and heart-sick, to get home as best he might. Ralph slipped away with a villainous-looking set, and when assured of the fact, Horace started for Chestnut Street. But the blow had confused him, and the streets seemed tangled and bewildering. He would have ventured to ask the way of a policeman, but feared he would put him in the station-house for a vagrant, and so he wandered on and on till he reached the wharf, miles away from home. There he met a gentleman who, by kind inquiries of the wretched boy, found out his story, led him to a horse-car, and bade the conductor see him safely home. His mother, with pale and anxious face, was watching from the window, and Bridget had hunted far and wide for the little runaway. Horace was a tender-hearted boy, and the sorrow of his parents, added to his own sufferings, was all the punishment he needed. In his little Testament, Mrs. Thornton's hand penned the passage, "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not," and it always carries his thoughts back to the sad hour of his disobedience. Ralph Thornton's jeers have since been powerless to draw him aside from the path of right, though often tried for the purpose. Horace Maynard is not the only boy who, through fear of ridicule, has committed a sinful act. It is not an easy task to face a scornful laugh, we know, but if you, or we who are older, would follow in the way of duty, we must have the moral courage to do it. You boys have a glorious opportunity, almost daily, to make heroes of yourselves, by daring to do right because it is right. Ralph Thorntons are thick among your school-fellows, and may laugh and jeer at your course; but a good conscience, and the blessed thought of pleasing God are on the other side. Which path will you pursue when tempted to do wrong? God help you to choose the right. M. P. R.

SUSY'S TRIAL.

BY KIRKLAND.



ONE afternoon at the Sabbath-school concert, the subject for the whole school was forgiveness; and Susy's class, which was made up of little girls from eight to eleven, repeated a verse together, and then each recited one alone. Susy's was, "But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses."

After that, the pastor made a short address to the class, telling them how children would sometimes get angry with one another, and say hard things, but that they must be ready to forgive, and to do good for evil.

That night, after Susy went home, she told her

sick mother all about the concert, what they did, what hymns they sung, and what the minister had said.

"And I think," said Susy, "that he did not need to say *that*; for it is easy enough to forgive. If anybody was bad to me, I could do it—I could forgive *anything*."

"Then remember, dear, always to do it. If anything comes up to make my little girl angry with her playmates, or brothers and sisters, I hope she will stop and think before she says sharp words, and that she will feel just as kindly towards them, as if they treated her well."

This was on Sabbath evening. The very next night, after school, Susy came bursting into the room, all out of breath, her hat hanging by one string, her hair over her forehead, the tears streaming down her cheeks, her whole face very red, and a look about it as if she was very angry indeed. It was a different Susy from the one who came and kissed her good-by, just before she started off for school.

As she came running up to the bedside, her mother raised herself on her pillow, and asked kindly, "What is the matter with my little girl?"

"O, mamma! Maggie Brown—O! she is such a hateful, mean, bad, wicked girl! I never, *never* will speak to her again!"

Those were dreadful words for a child who was trying to be a Christian, or for *any* child.

Mrs. Sanborn put out her thin, white hand, and drew Susy nearer, and stroked back the wet hair from her face, and wiped away the tears, and asked, "What is it all about? Look at me, Susy, right in my eyes, and tell me *who* it is that is bad, and wicked and hateful."

Susy hushed her sobs, and looked straight into the face which was now very sad; a loving face, but just now there was a look of tender reproach that Susy

never saw there before, and her heart was ready to break, and she sunk on her knees and hid her own face in her mother's neck, and cried, "O! mamma, you mean *me*! It is *me* that is hateful and bad!"

"I did not say so, Susy."

"O! but mamma, you *looked* it. Your eyes did. I've made you feel bad, mamma. O! I'm sorry. Mamma, you'll forgive me, won't you?"

Then she thought a minute, and began again. "But if you do, you'll think I can forgive Maggie. O! must I? Just think what she did!"

Then Susy told her story. It was all about the spelling. The rule of the school was, that the one who got up to the head of the class could stay there until she missed a word, or was absent from school, and then she must go to the foot. Maggie and Susy were the two best spellers. Nobody could be above them, unless they happened to stay at home, and then they were sure to go up again in a few days. Maggie had been there seventeen days; and then, because she was away one day, Susy was up, and *she* had now been there seventeen days, and Maggie was determined to do something to make her go to the foot. Susy did not miss; she was too studious for that. Maggie was a bad girl, and as she saw no right way, she made a plan to

have Susy out of school over one spelling; and this is how she did it.

Just after Susy started for school that afternoon, Maggie, who had been on the watch, slipped into Mr. Sanborn's, and said to Susy's mother, in a very polite way, "Please, Mrs. Sanborn, can't Susy be excused from school at half past three, to go with me after blackberries? I know where there are lots of them, and there won't be time after school is done."

Mrs. Sanborn wanted some blackberries, so she said "Yes," and wrote a note to the teacher, asking her to excuse the girls; and Maggie took it, and showed it to Susy at recess, and said, "Now we'll go when the next class to ours is up spelling."

So when that class was in the floor, Susy herself took the note to the teacher, and both the girls were allowed to go.

Just as they had reached the foot of the hill, Maggie cried out, "Why, I've forgotten my books, and mother wants me always to carry them home. You wait till I go back and get them;" and away she went.

Susy waited and waited and waited, till the school was out, and all the scholars had come down

the hill; but no Maggie. She had gone home another way. That wicked girl had gone straight in to her seat, and when the class was called, had taken her place at the head, telling the teacher that they were not going, and she had come back to spell. The teacher was very much surprised, and thought it was a strange proceeding, but said nothing.

This was the pitiful story which Susy had to tell her mother. Mrs. Sanborn was shocked to know that any child could be so wicked; but she said there was so much the more need that she should be forgiven.

"Is it not better to *suffer* a wrong than to *do* one?" asked she.

"But O, mamma!

I have *done* wrong, too," cried Susy.

"But I forgive you, and your Heavenly Father will, if you are sorry."

"Then I can forgive Maggie. I wish I had not been so cross. She may have the head. Perhaps then, if I am real pleasant to her, she will be sorry, and wish she had not done it."

"I guess my little girl is right. That is the way to make her sorry and ashamed."

The next day Susy tried this plan, and was very sweet and kind to Maggie, who was so overcome by it that she could hardly look up. Nothing could have punished her more.

But there was something more; the teacher found out the whole story, and sent Maggie to the foot. Susy said she did not care now about being at the head, and asked to have Maggie left there, but the teacher said, "No."

PRAYER TO JESUS.

THIS month has in it the day that we celebrate as the birth-day of Jesus. Jesus ought to be in all our thoughts, but it appears to me that we do well to think of Him specially at this time of the year. Every night we ought to pray to Him.



PRAYER TO JESUS.

"'Twas night when Christ was born on earth.
Night heard his first, faint cry;
While angels caroled round the star
Of the Epiphany."

What is the "Epiphany"? The word is a hard one, I know. It means the manifestation. The star, you have read, showed where Jesus was, and of course we all remember how gladly the angels sung, that night, and told the good news to the shepherds.

Nellie Lewis, whom we see in the picture, has heard all about this from her grandpa, and now she is just kneeling down to pray to Jesus. Jesus is ready to hear her, and all of us. Nellie has no father nor mother. How sad! Yet I suppose many who read this are in the same situation, and it will comfort them to know they may pray to Jesus, and that He will hear them.

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